



SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH

DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

"THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM."

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WHOLE NO. 225.

The Principles of Nature.

CHARLES PARTRIDGE, FROM PIGEON COVE.

PIGEON COVE is a part of Rockport, formed by a point of rock projecting out into the sea. It is valuable chiefly for its granite rock, which is split out and shipped to the cities for building stone. The stone is said to be quite equal to, or better than, the Quincy granite. There being less iron in it, time and exposure to rain are not so liable to decompose the ingredients, and produce dark, rusty streaks. There are several large quarries in constant operation where a great number of men are employed. Something is also done here at fishing. Mackerel, cod, and halibut are caught off shore, and perch, pollock, hake, and a great variety of small fish are daily caught by visitors, standing on the rocks and break-waters, with hook and line. These smaller kinds of fish are also caught with great facility in baskets with bait fastened in the bottom, and let down into the water. There is here abundant amusement for visitors who are fond of fishing. There are good and safe places for bathing. Those who can not swim can select eddies formed in the solid rock, where they are protected from being carried out by the waves by ridges of rock, over which the waves beat sometimes with tremendous force, and cause much sport to the bathers; others, more venturesome, may select comparatively flat sloping rock projecting into the water. They are liable to be taken off their feet, and carried back by the waves into the sea, which gives much sport to those who can swim. The water is always clean and refreshing.

It is surprising to contemplate the power these waves have exerted on the main rock, cleaving up large masses and removing them from their beds. There are some stones on these shores which are called boulders—that is, comparatively round stones, of various sizes, weighing from one hundred pounds (very few so small) to fifty tons. These stones have been so moved on the main bed of rock, by these waters, as to wear out smooth gullies in a great variety of curious forms. During the gale in October, 1840, large flakes of rock, some six and ten feet square, and from one to ten feet thick, were lifted and carried some distance from their beds and pitched over into bushes, and some twenty or thirty feet higher than the water usually is, and is now. One rock, estimated to weigh seventy-five tons, was thus lifted from its bed and carried some six to ten rods, where it now lies, crosswise to the pitch of the main rock. The original bed of this rock may be seen at low tide. It measures about thirty feet in length, twelve feet wide, and six feet thick. Rocks of this size, and smaller, were pitched about and sent upon the bushes in a terrific manner. This gale washed away the break-water at the Cove, which had been built at great expense, with stones as large as human power and skill could move. Many ships were wrecked in this vicinity during this gale. The shore is so abrupt and rocky that there is hardly a chance for the best swimmers to reach the, and without being dashed to pieces against the rocks. It is

dangerous even in an ordinary swell. Some earth has accumulated on this knob of rock, from its disintegrated particles, and where it has gained a foot or more in depth, vegetation grows luxuriantly. The whole point constitutes thousands of acres. There is a road almost around it, near the water, which is a pleasant drive of three hours.

PIGEON COVE HOUSE.

This is a very pleasant, neat and airy house, situated on a high of land overlooking Rockport and the surrounding ocean. The house is kept by Mr. and Mrs. Norwood, who set a very good, healthy table. They are plain, substantial, good common-sense people, and so are most of their visitors, which is as much a luxury as it is rare at summer retreats. The people here seem to open their lips and let the heart speak, rather than twist, pucker and squirm to bind the heart and make the lips speak like automaton, or without saying anything, as is customary at Newport, Saratogo, and other so-called fashionable places. Persons here are regarded for what they *do* say, rather than for their much talk, without saying anything.

Authoritarian Christians—that is, those who have no reason for their faith, but profess to believe because father, mother, or the priest said the Devil would get them if they did not—seldom trust themselves so near the borders of this earth as Pigeon Cove seems to be. The Christianity of the citizens and visitors generally is eminently rational. Most persons seem pleased when asked the reason for the faith that is in them. Scarcely anything delighted me more than to be asked for the reasons for the faith that is in me. I had so many reasons to give, and all of them observed by myself, too, that I scarcely stopped to eat and sleep while there. Occasionally a person would retire alone—I presume to reflect upon the similarity between the miracles I related, and those recorded by Paul, Peter, Luke and John. It was presumed the fishermen who draw their nets into Pigeon Cove, might be equally interested in the remarkable spiritual occurrences in this age of the world, as the fishermen in the sea of Galilee, were in ancient times, and I was invited to narrate the miracles performed in my presence, in Johnson's Hall, on the shore of Rockport, Friday evening, August 1st, to the numerous fishermen and others who might come up from that rock-bound coast, which I did with pleasure to myself, and I trust consolation and profit to others. One very intelligent gentleman of the Christian faith, said he thought I reasoned well—he was almost persuaded—"But," said he, "I don't like to hear Christ called a medium." In the course of my remarks I had said that I would institute no comparisons between Christ and mortals, but that it was clearly shown in Scripture, that whatever else Christ may have been, *he was a medium*. I replied to the gentleman, that Christ and the apostles claimed that he was a medium, and that I was not disposed to dispute the claim. The objection was not urged.

There are several mediums in and about Rockport, and circles are held I believe regularly; and I fancy there are many

fishermen who would not deny their acquaintance with this new Gospel, nor stand by consenting unto its crucifixion.

Pigeon Cove House is the summer resort for several ministers, with their families—generally of the more rational faith, that is, belonging to the liberal denominations of Christians. Rev. Mr. Caswell, minister at large I believe, in Boston, being unemployed, was invited to preach to us and the neighbors. Accordingly, we all gathered in the large room, Sunday morning, August 3d, with towns-people and visitors at other houses, numbering some thirty or fifty souls. The exercises were conducted in the usual way of reading the Scriptures, singing, prayer and preaching, which seemed to fill up the void which would have otherwise been felt by many sincere worshippers. My devotions were seriously disturbed by perplexing inconsistencies and criticisms which forced themselves on my mind during the sermon, in spite of myself and the preacher. They claimed to be the legitimate conclusions drawn from the preacher's position.

He introduced the exercises by reading the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, commencing with these words: "Who hath believed our report?" He then took for his text 1 Cor. 2:2, which reads as follows: "For I determined not to know anything among you save Jesus Christ and him crucified." The preacher first undertook to define who and what Jesus of Nazareth was, and he mixed up before our imaginations a motley mass, neither human nor divine, but a monstrosity. His main effort, however, was to enforce the great fact, as he considered it, that God was in Christ, or that Christ was God, in a peculiar sense, who took on himself for a time human nature for the purpose of revealing himself to man and demonstrating man's immortality by his own resurrection. He undertook to prove to us that God must have been in Christ, or that Christ was God, by references to what he did. First he referred us to the instance in which Peter said to the man who was lame, "In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, rise up and walk," which he did. This case is very similar to many which have occurred within the last seven years, some of them under my own observation and others testified to by numerous credible living witnesses, and without any pretension that God was present in any human embodiment, or in any peculiar manner. My devotions were disturbed with the reflection that this was one of the men who had *not* believed our report, and that he was presuming too much on sectarian prejudice or ignorance. If such facts prove God's embodiment in human form, then is he in thousands of human forms to-day in our country, for lameness and other diseases are being healed by Spirits all over the country. For confirmation of this statement, and a proof of the legitimacy of my reflections on the use made of these facts by the preacher, I beg to refer the reader to a very few of the cures which have been performed by Spirits within the last few years.

Under the head of "MORE MODERN MIRACLES," published in the SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH under date of July 5th, 1856, page 76, is a case of a cancer of six years growth being cured. Other cases of cancers being cured are related in THE TELEGRAPH PA-

PERA, Vol. 6, pages 400 and 401. Also another case recorded in THE TELEGRAPH PAPERS, Vol. 7, page 257. Also in THE TELEGRAPH PAPERS, Vol. 3, page 101, is recorded a case of the restoration of sight to a boy who had been blind six years.

The following case we find recorded in "NEW TESTAMENT MIRACLES," page 54:

TESTIMONY OF DEACON SILAS MOSMAN, OF CAROTVILLE.—Be it known that my daughter Mary, now twenty-two years old, has, for about three years past, been mostly confined to her bed, and unable to walk alone. About the middle of July last, she lost all power of the organs of speech, and a few days after was deprived of her eye-sight, becoming entirely blind, with no power even to raise her eyelids. All possible means have been used for her relief; she has been attended by twelve or thirteen physicians, some of them being of the highest order and skill. She continued in about the same condition, changing only for the worse; and was finally told that she could never be any better. By this time we had almost despaired of any relief; but, through a kind Providence, we noticed a letter in one of the Springfield papers respecting the claims and powers of Mrs. Mettler, the clairvoyant, in healing and restoring the sick. We immediately applied to her, and, after several attempts, we were fortunate in getting her to make us a visit. On the evening of the above date she called, made a clairvoyant examination of Mary's case, and prescribed for her. The next day Mrs. M. called again, and by manipulations quieted her a good deal. On the next Wednesday she called a third time to see her, and in about half an hour, with nothing but her own hands, she succeeded, to the joy of all, in opening her eyes, and restoring her sight and speech! The next day Mrs. Mettler called again, and, to our astonishment, she triumphantly put the case beyond all question, by making my daughter walk entirely alone, which she had not done for three years. Such are the facts in this most remarkable case. Mary continues to see, talk and walk; and, for all we know, she must be restored to her former good health.

SILAS MOSMAN.

CAROTVILLE, January 9, 1850.

The following case of lameness being cured by Spirits, was communicated to the SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH by Rev. H. H. Hunt, and published over his signature, under date of January 8, 1853:

"At a circle held at Adrian, the first Saturday in July, the Spirits wrote: 'Seek the lame, the halt, and the infirm, and they shall be healed.' I then remarked to J. M. Reynolds: 'It can not be done; if that is read, away go the Spirits and the cause together; for some one will be presented and not cured.' Nevertheless, the call was read by my colleague, when Mr. Lyons presented himself, stating that his leg had been drawn up by rheumatism four years, and was under acute pain at the time. Without the exercise of my own volition, I was thrown into the spiritual state, and placed before him. I was also made to speak by the power of the Spirit. * * * I put my hand on him, and he was made whole. He dropped his cane and went away rejoicing, fleet as a boy of sixteen."

There have been cases in which dislocated and fractured bones have been set, and the patient cured by Spirits; but I have not before me the means of reference.

Secondly: The preacher made use of the Scripture which affirms that Christ told his disciples to go into a certain street and they would there meet a man with a pitcher of water, and to say to him that he and others desired a room in his house for a spiritual meeting. The disciples went and found the man just as he said they would, and delivered the message, which was complied with. This fact was used as evidence that Christ was God, or that God was in him in a peculiar and superior manner. My mind was disturbed with such use of this Scripture, by an involuntary recurrence of the thoughts to a similar exercise of this power by very many persons of my acquaintance, and to a report made by a committee of scientific gentlemen, raised, I believe, for the purpose of examining the subjects called Mesmerism or clairvoyance, some fifteen or twenty years ago, in Boston. These gentlemen stated that the subjects described accurately the furniture and persons in houses at a distance from them, with houses of brick and stone intervening, and told what the persons were doing at the time, whether carrying a pitcher of water or employed in any other way. Since that time I have witnessed very many instances of the exercise of this power. In many of them it was manifest that Spirits, being cognizant of persons and things at a distance, and beyond the power of natural human vision, impressed the medium to state the facts. I will embody in this letter a single instance which exhibits the exercise of the same miraculous powers of discernment as did Christ in perceiving the man with a pitcher.

The *New England Spiritualist* gives the following account which the Editor received from the medium herself, through whom the lost was found:

Some months since, a man in Hardwick, Mass., from some cause became insane, and left his home in that condition, to the great distress of his family and friends. He was a man much esteemed by his neighbors, and a very general interest was excited in his behalf. A hundred

men were soon in search for him, and the search was continued for three days and nights without success. Application was then made to the Spirits, through the mediumship of Mrs. Almada Dexter, of Ware, who had never been in the place, and knew nothing of the locality. The Spirits stated that the man was not far from home, but was concealed in a certain ledge of rocks, which was described so accurately as to be recognized by the man who made the application. This man was told to take four other men with him, and proceed directly to the spot—that they would find the object of their search, and that he would be restored to his right mind. They did as directed; the man was found precisely as described, and was restored to his family, and to his reason.

A great variety of these classes of spiritual manifestations have occurred and been published in spiritual and other papers. I submit that every intelligent man, and especially if he presumes to present himself as the spiritual guide to anybody, ought to make himself as familiar with the spiritual phenomena occurring all around him, and ought to have as much confidence in credible living witnesses, as he has in the testimony of persons to similar facts who claim to have lived eighteen hundred years ago, and of whom he knows nothing except by history.

Again, the preacher referred to the account of the stone being rolled from the door of the sepulcher by Spirits who were afterward seen, and to the resurrection of Christ, as evidence that Christ was God, or that God was in Christ in a peculiar manner—and also as evidence of man's immortality. As proof of Christ's resurrection, the preacher mentioned that Mary inquired of a man whom she supposed was a gardener, where her Lord was? He said "Mary!" and she recognized him as the one for whom she sought. He also referred to the record that Christ, after his resurrection, asked certain travelers what they were talking about; and they asked him if he had not heard of the great excitement about Jesus; whereupon Jesus began at Moses, and expounded the Scriptures. He also referred to the several occasions of his appearing to mortals, and finally to his appearing in the room, the doors being shut, where his disciples were holding a spiritual circle.

Common sense was particularly dissatisfied when the preacher was urging us to believe that Jesus was immensely superior to man, and essentially different, and that on his resurrection was based our only hope of immortality. If Jesus was so essentially different from man as he maintained, I could not perceive how the preacher could predicate man's immortality on his resurrection.

What I want to know is that mankind are immortal, and not that a being essentially different is so. It is a strange inconsistency to maintain that Christ is God, and that we are immortal because he is. What is the use to say to common-sense men that we are immortal because Jesus was, and at the same time deny that we have any evidence of the fact, and that no man has come back to demonstrate his existence to mortals? Nobody but sectarian bigots can fail to perceive the utter inadequacy and gross inconsistency of such evidence. I must challenge the genuine faith of all such pretenders. Such inconsistencies may be preached for a living, but never from principle.

I know that mankind are immortal, because their spiritual presence has been demonstrated to me in various ways. My friends, my brother and sister, and my child, have come back and talked with me from the Spirit-world. In comparison with these facts, it is utter folly to talk about Jesus' resurrection as evidence of my unbroken continuity of existence. Spirits not only appear and talk with us, sometimes through mediums and sometimes without the use of a medium, but they have been seen and recognized. I have seen and handled them, as the disciples did Jesus, and they have appeared in rooms where circles were held—the doors being shut—in human form, and conversed with their friends. Well attested cases of this kind are constantly being reported by credible witnesses; and who has believed their reports? Strange as it may seem, it is nevertheless true, that many people are more ready to believe a remarkable fact which is imported from a foreign country, or one which is gathered from the dust of ages, or reported by somebody we know nothing about, than those testified to by friends and acquaintances on whom we place implicit reliance in respect to other matters. I will, therefore, pass over my own experience, and the testimony of many credible witnesses in this country, and offer the following, of which I know nothing beyond the record, but presume it is true:

SPIRITUALISM IN PARIS.—We find the following article in the *London Illustrated News*, of July 23d. It is an extract from the *News'* Paris correspondence:

An immense sensation was caused here, a few days since, by a reve-

lation given on the authority of some of the most respected and influential members of the clergy, headed by the Archbishop of Paris, on the subject of *table tournanteurs*. Here is the story, as we received it through the channel as above stated. The Archbishop being questioned as to his opinion of the legitimacy, in a religious point of view, of attempting to communicate with Spirits through the medium of the tables, replied that he had not sufficiently studied the question to reply thereon; that he imagined the effects produced were wholly of the nature of a physical science, and in that case harmless; but that, in order to form a judgment, he would attend a meeting composed of certain members of the clergy, at a place appointed, to try the usual experiments.

The table being put in motion, one of the party demanded it in reply, by a certain number of raps, if there was a Spirit present. The response was in the affirmative; and, in answer to a second question, the Spirit was stated, by the table marking by raps certain letters of the alphabet, to be that of Sœur Françoise, deceased a week previously, at the Convent of —, Paris. The Abbe B— stated that he had confessed the Sœur Françoise, who had, in fact, died at the time and place named. General consternation, as may be supposed, ensued; when the Abbe L—, rising, commanded the Spirit, "in the name of the Savior," to appear. The report declares that the Spirit hereupon actually became visible, and replied to a variety of questions put to it, but of what import we are not informed. On the above details we do not pretend to give either explanation or opinion.

Such is the story as related by the members of the *séance*, two of whom were so affected by the events related, as to be some days seriously indisposed—one of them even confined to bed. Various histories declare that, through the medium of the tables, communications are held with Spirits of all nations.

Many other things I should like to say, but time will not at present permit, and I close by asking, "Who hath believed our report?"

CHARLES PARTRIDGE.

ROCKFORD, August 4, 1856.

Original.

PRINCIPLES

WHICH GOVERN THE DEVELOPMENT OF FORMS.

"The inner and the outward worlds are like."—*Festus*.

TRUTHS are presented in the workings of immutable principles, and demonstrated, not by deductions *a priori*, but from certain present conditions. The whole universe is a unit, and as all things, whether visible or invisible, are links in the great chain of cause and effect, and however minute, mutually affect each other, we may, with sufficient powers of comprehension and analysis, demonstrate, from what we see around us, every theory founded upon truth. The smallest particle of matter is indicative of some antecedent cause, and from analysis of all its conditions, might be elaborated in theory the whole universe. Nothing can be destroyed or so sequestered as not to be influenced or acted upon by other substance; for since our globe attracts, and is attracted by, all other worlds, however distant they may be, every atom of which it is composed exerts an attractive influence through all immensity.

Electric, galvanic and magnetic influences, too, bring substances separated by vast intervals of space, in direct sympathy with each other; and since there is, and probably can be, no perfect vacuum, and the least action upon one atom must exert some influence upon those adjacent, all substances affect each other to whatever extent separated. A pebble dropped in the ocean would undoubtedly affect every particle in its vast abyss. Nay more, it would communicate minute vibrations to every atom in the universe and leave impressions never to be effaced. Every truth, then, relating to the physical world is impressed upon all things and is at all times manifested. Nothing exists without a cause, and as it would be absurd to suppose that one substance might produce another of radically a different nature, all things must resemble their antecedents.

Again, nothing is governed by chance, and hence all forms existing in nature must be the legitimate results of fixed laws. That "Like produces like" is a truth which all nature affirms, although by different combinations of the same elements new forms are produced. And if this be true, since all things are continually changing and must be reproductions of what has gone before, whatever exists at the present time is identical in its intrinsic elements with what has preceded it. It is absurd to suppose that anything may become blotted from existence; and hence nothing can be entirely changed, for this would be equivalent to annihilation. But there may be new combinations, and apparently, but not in reality, new productions.

Now if it be true that all things which coexist mutually act upon each other—that like produces like, and that there are no new creations of primary elements, we may legitimately infer that there is a correspondence between all things in nature that exist or have existed. But there are two kinds of

correspondences—one between the primary elements of different bodies, another between principles and forms, or causes and effects. Upon these depends the development of all forms.

I have said there may be new productions, since there may be an infinite variety of combinations of radical elements; but I do not mean by this that these are independent of previously existing laws. How then, it may be asked, can there be new forms, since there are no new principles? I answer, that there may be combinations of principles or mediate causes, and consequently new resultant forms. By principles I mean affections of the Divine Mind, or in other words, the life-giving and controlling forces in nature, the unity of which constitutes the Deity himself. Now God being the Creator of the universe, and omnipresent, I shall endeavor to show that all things in their forms and functions are external representations of his attributes. It is not essential whether we regard principles as having form or not—although such is doubtless the case—for when I speak of a correspondence between a principle and a form, I do not necessarily mean that the former has the same outlines and shape as the latter, but that by a fixed and immutable law it will produce it. Thus every plant contains the germ or principle that has produced itself, and is the representative of that germ or principle. To assume that forms in their development are not controlled by immutable and inherent principles, is to assume that they are in this respect governed by chance, which would be absurd, for similar germs produce similar species. But it may be answered that God is present in all things, and determines by the exercise of his volition what forms they shall assume. This I shall not deny, for I have before said that he is the unity of principles; and although he has determined the forms of all things, he has established certain laws that produce those forms. Nor can those laws change; for if that were possible they might become imperfect, since in their first creation they must have been perfected by infinite wisdom. Again, in accordance with the general principle that "Like produces like," what God has created must be similar to himself. Every attribute of the Deity, then, is manifested in nature, and man, who is in his exact image, possesses in a finite degree all his attributes.

But how, it may be asked, can what is evil in nature, or in the constitution of man, correspond to any affection of the Divine mind? I might answer this query to the satisfaction of some, by supposing the existence of a *personal devil* or evil principle; but as such persons would hardly be willing to grant that he was the Creator even of those things which seem to be constitutionally evil, and as I am endeavoring to prove that all things correspond to their creating principles, the difficulty would not be removed by any such hypothesis. Nor would it be at all consonant to my own views, for I can not believe that anything is evil *per se*, but that what is generally considered such, is the predominance of the negative or animal parts of our being over the positive or spiritual. A perfect being would undoubtedly possess the same organs or qualities of mind as are possessed by man in his fallen state, yet the animal would be in complete subjection to the spiritual, which includes the moral and intellectual. But let us analyze the constitution of evil from our own consciousness. Do we love it for the sake of itself? or in other words, can it be a definite object of our affections? The term is used in various senses; thus it may import pure malignity or any painful condition. Now I affirm that in the former sense it is a mere abstraction, and consequently has no real existence. The thief does not steal for the sake of injuring others, but from motives of cupidity, which motives another may possess to an equal degree, and yet be a perfectly moral man. Nay more, these same motives may be commendable qualities in the latter, rendering him industrious and frugal. There is a continual warfare in the human mind; desire grapples with desire. But if all the organs of the mind are rightly balanced there can be no evil. Take, for example, Acquisitiveness and Conscientiousness. When each is properly developed there can be no struggle, and both conduce to our happiness and usefulness; but take away the restraining influence of the latter, we scruple at no means to compass the desires of the former, and the mind is said to be corrupted. But is not Acquisitiveness the same as before, and has any extrinsic quality been introduced?

Whence, then, comes evil? Nothing can be plainer than this, that evil results from a deficiency in the moral organs. It may not inaptly be compared to darkness, which has no real

existence, being used to denote the absence of light. We can not, when in the possession of our faculties, do any act without a motive, unless it be an involuntary one, for which we are not responsible. Every so-called evil deed, then, must be accompanied by some collateral motive. Thus a man may murder, and his motive be gain. But evil consists not in the deed, but in the motive; for without the latter a person would be an idiot, and not responsible for any act. Now it is impossible to imagine a motive evil in itself. True, a person may deliberately plan a bad act, but an intent to do such an act would not be a motive. Thus he may plan a robbery, and when carrying out that plan, commit murder—and yet his motive be mere gain, which, as we have before seen, is not in itself evil.

But it may be said that a spirit of retaliation, which is akin to malignity, prompts to the commission of the worst crimes. This is doubtless true; but those qualities of mind that incite to revenge, if controlled by the moral faculties, lead us to oppose wrong in all its forms. The organs of Destructiveness and Combateness, if not subject to the higher faculties, render men demons; but, when rightly controlled, they are absolutely essential to the progress of truth, and the achievement of great and noble enterprises.

If then there is no positive evil in man, we may safely conclude that such is true also of nature, and that the primitive design of all things was beauty and utility. But as the germ that produces the luscious fruit may, by inoculation, be made to bring forth thorns, so the influx of creating life from first principles through man to the external world, has produced by his sin noxious animals and plants.

This idea may seem to conflict with the teachings of Swedenborg who imputes to "the Hells" the origin of evil. But we can not consistently infer from any of his writings that the hells which he describes are positive, and independent of God's control. And he has expressly said, in his "Divine Love and Wisdom," that evils "in the natural world did not derive their origin (immediately) from the Lord, and were not created from the beginning, and did not originate from nature by her sun, but are (immediately) from hell." And he has further said, that "the hells are not remote from men, but they are about them, yea in those who are wicked." Now if evil "has not existed from the beginning," it can not be a principle or the first cause of anything; and if "the hells are not remote from men," they are the corruptions that are in them; and hence, if that which is noxious or hurtful in nature, originated from them, it must, as I have previously affirmed, have sprung from the fallen nature of man. That this is a legitimate inference from the above quotations, is unequivocally proved by the following from the same work:

That noxious things on earth derive their origin from man, and so from hell, may be proved by the state of the land of Canaan, as described in the Word; for when the children of Israel lived according to the commandments, the earth gave forth her increase, and in like manner the flocks and herds; and that when they lived contrary to the commandments, the earth was barren, and, as it is said, accursed; instead of harvests it produced thorns and briars.—D. L. W., 345.

Admitting, then, that there is no positive evil, its existence in the world is not incompatible with a correspondence between all thing in nature and the affections of the mind, of which God is the ultimate Source.

Proceeding next to demonstrate directly the existence of such a correspondence, it is necessary to select some one being or substance as a general standard for all; for it is impossible to analyze separately all things *in esse*. We have such a standard in man himself, in whose constitution exist, as it were in juxtaposition, the natural and spiritual. From God must spring all things, either mediately or immediately; thus, he has directly created the soul of man, and ultimately through it the body. The soul, then, may be termed the creating principle of the body, and if the two correspond we may reasonably infer that all physical things, being of the same nature as the body, correspond to interior principles. All must concede that there are some outward indications of mental conditions; the expression of the eye, for example, betokens the inward thoughts, from which are determined the nature and state of the mind. True, we are liable to be deceived by all outward expressions and characteristics, since they are affected by numberless conditions and a vast complication of circumstances; but they are not on this account less positive indications of the inward man. It is impossible to conceive of a single voluntary act which is not indicative of the state of the mind; for the act indicates

the motive, and the motive the disposition. Were this not true we could never obtain a knowledge of another's character, for we are brought in contact with nothing but the external.

It is fully established by modern science that every part of the physical constitution of men and animals is in harmony with the whole. "Every organized individual," says Cuvier, "forms an entire system of its own, all parts of which mutually correspond and concur to produce a certain definite purpose by reciprocal reaction, or by combining toward the same end. Hence none of the separate parts can change their forms without a corresponding change in the other parts of the same animal, and consequently each of these parts taken separately, indicates all the other parts to which it has belonged." Now that "definite purpose which all parts concur to produce," must be the formation of a whole physical structure in harmony with the spirit that animates it. From any part, then, of that physical structure, if it be nothing more than the mere fragment of a bone, may be determined to an absolute certainty, not only the form of the whole frame and the functions of every organ, and consequently the species to which it belonged, but also every mental characteristic of the being that dwelt therein.

And again, as all persons have peculiar as well as general physical characteristics, we may safely conclude that, since the latter have resulted from qualities of mind common to the whole race, the former are produced in each by traits of character peculiar to the individual. It may be contended, however, that the growth and development of the body are the result of laws everywhere prevalent, and hence entirely independent of the mind; and that man's peculiar physical structure was arbitrarily given by its Maker—not that any other would not have been equally in harmony with the mind, but because the one best fitted to minister to our necessities and wants. But if fitted to minister to our necessities and wants, it must be in harmony with the mind, for wants originate from conditions and qualities of mind, and it makes no difference whether this harmony is produced arbitrarily or by natural laws.

Again, it can not be supposed that forms in their continual reproduction are all created directly by God; but if they are not thus created they are not arbitrary, and must be produced by mediate causes or natural laws. And a natural law is not the result of a mere *ipse dixit*; for there must be a reason for all things, and if God controls every operation in nature by the immediate exercise of his volition, there is no law. Nor is natural law synonymous with principle, if, as I am endeavoring to prove, the mind is the principle upon which man's physical form depends; for this has a real existence as much as God himself, while a natural law can exist only abstractly. A ball impelled by any force, if not acted upon by anything extraneous to itself, is said to move in a straight line, by a law of nature. By this it is not meant that any agent accompanies the ball to prevent its deviating, for it preserves a straight course because there is *nothing* acting upon it. But how do we know that, in such a case, the ball would not deviate, since this can not be proved empirically? In other words, how do we obtain a knowledge of any natural law without the aid of observation and experiment? We find, upon appeal to our consciousness, that we are instructed by reason. It is, then, merely an expression denoting the harmony that is manifested in the operations of nature, which harmony exists in accordance with reason.

Now it is absurd to suppose that anything in the natural world should be different from what it is, for chance could only make it otherwise; and hence that which is produced by what is termed a natural law, is merely the legitimate result of precedent or collateral conditions, which conditions are indicated by what they have produced. But we have seen that man's physical structure indicates the nature, state and condition of his mind, and hence its development must be in accordance with that nature, state and condition. The body and mind, then, correspond to each other; and as the soul is like God, having been created directly by him, the body is the outward form of God. And since the whole universe was created by the Deity, either mediately or immediately, it must correspond to him, from which it follows that the physical world bears the same relation to God that the body does to the soul. But the body indicates the character or mental qualities of the man; and hence, some attribute of the Divine Mind is manifested from the development of each form in nature.



"Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind."

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1856.

To a Correspondent.

"S. M." is informed that a controversy upon the subject which he proposes to discuss with G. F. would be totally unacceptable to nine-tenths of our readers, beside which it would be appropriating our columns to a subject foreign to their original design. We ourselves have very definitely formed opinions on the subject to which his communication relates, and are prepared to express these through any suitable channel, and on every proper occasion; but it would be manifestly an act of injustice to our patrons to burden our columns with matter of a character totally different from that for which they have subscribed.

To Our Friends at the West.

The Editor of this paper proposes to leave New York as early as the first of October, on a lecturing tour through several of the Western States, including Ohio, Michigan, Wisconsin, Indiana and Illinois. The lectures will chiefly relate to the facts, laws and tendencies of Spiritual Intercourse; the spiritual element in all Religions and in the noblest works of genius, ancient and modern; special attention being given to the present living inspiration, and the great Spiritual Reformation of our own time.

S. B. B. will also receive invitations to lecture on literary, philosophical and popular subjects, before Lyceums and scientific institutions. The friends of progress in the numerous cities and villages along the Hudson River, New York Central, Lake Shore or Great Western, and Michigan Central and Southern Railroads, who may desire his services in this capacity, are requested to communicate their wishes, by letter or otherwise, at their earliest convenience. This will be necessary, as we desire to prepare and publish a complete programme of our proposed labors before leaving home.

It will be perceived that this course will render it extremely inconvenient, if not altogether impossible, for the lecturer to accept invitations that may be tendered to him along the route; hence the obvious necessity of making previous arrangements. Address S. B. Brittan, at this office.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Brunswick, Me., August, 11, 1856.

DEAR READERS:

SOME two weeks since, the channels of many of the mountain streams throughout New England were almost dry, and vegetation, on the southern slopes of her green hills, presented a pale and sickly appearance. The cattle descended to the low lands to graze, or retired to the shaded glens and deep ravines to find water, or to escape from the intense heat of the mid-summer sun. But the aspect of the country is changed. The earth in this region has been thoroughly watered, and the meadows and woods are fresh and green again. The storm, though protracted and disagreeable, and in places somewhat destructive of property, has saved the late crops. Last week the rain fell in such torrents that the streams all over the eastern portion of the country filled their channels, while in some sections the banks were overflowed, bridges carried away, and other property destroyed. Some ten days since, the Androscoggin, which is perhaps the most impetuous river in New England, rose five feet in a single night. To-day the scarcely diminished torrent dashes wildly along the rugged shores, crowning the bare rocks with foam-wreaths, and spreading a snow-white covering over the still waters in each little cove; while here and there the trunk of a tree, or a fragment of some old building, following the current, is seen plunging over the dams and down the rapids, disappearing for a few moments in the boiling flood, and then reappearing in the smooth waters below the town.

Morning and Music in the Country.

After twelve days of incessant fog and storm, we have at last a day almost without clouds. A more glorious morning seldom dawns on the mortal vision, or lights up the misty atmosphere of this dim orb. The Divine Artist who spreads out the measureless azure, who gives the rose and the violet their refulgent hues, and whose hand arrays even the lilies of the field with more than regal and oriental splendors, has retouched and revived the fading colors on Nature's canvas, and covered the wide landscape with a softer and more vivid beauty. How everything rejoices in the pure air and the morning light! The fields and forests have all the freshness of June; from the sylvan orchestras on yonder hill-side, a flood of music flows out on the still air; the waters of the Androscoggin chime in all

the rocky nooks and cavities which abound along the shores, while every human face wears a smile as if morning had risen in the mind and music been incarnated in the heart.

Instruments and their Uses.

People may be compared to musical instruments, many of which are broken or unstrung. As instruments exist in every possible variety, it is not to be expected that all will be either finely toned or particularly ornamental. There may be many old fiddles and new whistles, the peculiar uses of which, though often illustrated, are but rarely comprehended. The bass-viol is one of the best instruments, provided all life is required to be like "Old Hundred;" and we discover the utility of bass-drums when we make the most emphatic appeals to empty heads. Occasionally we meet with one whose thoughts are like silver bells that ring out on the world's ear, whose eloquent words, like the tones of some "mellow horn" or silver-keyed flute, captivate the sense, and whose pure sentiments steal into and thrill the soul like the faint echoes of a shell. Some souls are so full of love and religion that life is all music, tender and touching, like a guitar played by moon-light from the top of a lonely turret, or on the flowery bank of a clear river. There are also voices that resemble the notes of a clarion when it is heard from the distant summits in the gray light of the morning, calling nations to battle and to victory. Then there are Æolian harps that sigh responsively to the gentlest whisper of a zephyr; and delicate attachments that soften and spiritualize the music of ruder instruments. Some speak with trumpet-voices before the sepulchers of slumbering nations, and they wake and rise from the dead; while here and there a deep, solemn and musical inspiration flows into some lofty soul, whose great thoughts and illustrious deeds cause the framework of our being to tremble, as the measured tones of a grand organ shake the consecrated pile wherein multitudes bow and worship.

Functions of Moral and Spiritual Musicians.

Our comparison naturally suggests the thought, that some men who have no musical reputation would nevertheless prove to be very good instruments if the world only knew how to play on them. But the world does not know. Moreover, no one may be disposed to acquire the art; and as the instruments themselves do not all possess the mysterious powers of voluntary action attributed to the celebrated automatic wind-instrument of the school boy, that "whistled itself," it follows that they are comparatively unserviceable. In the composition and rendering of divine harmonies through mortal media, very much, of course, depends on the performers, though there are doubtless many defective instruments. If we are well constituted, and at the same time properly adjusted to the sphere of our relations, within and without, we have only to yield to the inspiring influence of great natural, moral, and spiritual harmonists, and discord will speedily be banished from the scale of being, so that all life and thought will tend to universal harmony. The soul that has fathomless abilities is ever searching after some one who has power to sound its depths and to bring forth its hidden treasures. I find an illustration of this truth in the instructive observations of Mr. Davis, in his "Philosophy of Questions and Answers," from which the following extract is taken:

"What there is hidden in the recesses of my being, I have no power as yet to divulge. I yearn for the right man to come, from any degree of life, to put to my soul the right questions. For then I shall answer him with thought and articulation, at once so profound and beautiful, so truthful and elevating, I know not when I could recover from self-astonishment."—*Penetration*, page 18.

—This expresses a need of which all have at least a vague consciousness. We want some one to unlock the secret chambers of our being, that the inner harmonies may be perceived in the world without. Human instruments are not all the same; they vary in structure and in tone; but there is music in all, and the humblest soul sustains immortal relations to the harmonic laws of Heaven. The mind that is truly inspired has indefinite powers of feeling, thought and expression. For one I feel assured that Jackson has unmeasured capacities in this direction, and shall be glad to see the man who is not only competent to play on such an instrument, but is commissioned to become the angel of the resurrection, whose voice shall wake the powers that yet slumber in his soul.

Progressive Religious Experience.

During a private interview with a number of friends, who convened last evening at the residence of Mr. Collins, an elderly lady in the company related a humorous circumstance respect-

ing the religious experience of a man in the neighborhood. The person referred to had, in church parlance, been converted; but he was not so completely illuminated as he might have been had he possessed more wisdom or been gifted with a living inspiration. His religious experience had not made a very profound impression on his mind. To be sure, the seed had germinated in his heart, but "the tares," taking root in the productive soil of his earthly loves, also sprang up and threatened to choke the seed. His memory was not at all retentive, except of those temporal objects and interests which had preoccupied his mind. He was therefore apprehensive that he might lose the unspeakable benefits of the experience on which his soul's salvation was presumed to depend. Accordingly, with a view to preclude the occurrence of so fatal a contingency, he prepared a written account of the aforesaid experience, and deposited the same in what appeared to be a safe place, at one end of a shelf in the closet. He then felt composed and prepared for any ordinary emergency, because he had made the thing secure. He could refresh his memory whenever it might be necessary to refer to the circumstances attending his conversion, and hence it was safe to dismiss the subject from his mind.

Some time after, the man with a religious experience—all in black and white—was honored by a call from his pastor, who desired to know how his mind had been wrought upon, and what progress he was making in "the divine life." But the disciple was rather oblivious just then, owing to the outside pressure of his secular affairs. He was, however, reminded that he had a circumstantial account of his religious exercises laid up on a shelf, which would serve as well to relieve himself from further embarrassment as to enlighten his spiritual guide. Accordingly, he went to the closet, but to his surprise did not find the paper. It was nowhere visible. He searched in vain for the lost document. He naturally manifested the anxiety with which the mariner calls for his chart in a storm. Alas! he had no religious experience; but the discovery of a large hole in the wall suggested the extreme probability that—that the rats had one!

I have many things to write, but my attention for the present is required in another direction, and I must close.

S. B. B.

GLEANED FROM OUR CORRESPONDENCE.

The South—Mr. Harris—What the People Want.

Our friend Thomas B. Neibert, of Carrollton, La., in a brief note (received some time since) speaks of the concluding lecture delivered by Rev. Thomas L. Harris, in that place, as a most masterly exposition and defense of Spiritualism, of the laws that govern its phenomena, and of the media for its demonstrative manifestation. The Speaker illustrated its tendency to stimulate and exalt the powers of thought and feeling, and its consoling influence under the most trying circumstances of life; at the same time he administered a severe but just rebuke to those who discard the facts as either unreal or unimportant, and who treat the witnesses to their occurrence as unworthy of credit.

Mr. Neibert complains that the South is neglected, for the most part, by spiritual lecturers and mediums—says that the phenomena in that region are chiefly limited to rapping, tipping of tables, and the moving of other ponderable objects, and concludes by expressing a desire to hear other lecturers, and a wish that some such medium as Miss Brooks, of Buffalo, would visit New Orleans and Carrollton.

Vision of the Last Hour.

Nancy Andrews of Hopkinton, (Massachusetts, we suppose) in a brief communication refers to the closing scene in the earth-life of Fanny Smith, a young lady on whose fair cheek the roses of fifteen summers had bloomed and faded. Our correspondent says, Fanny retained the full possession and free exercise of all her faculties to the last. We copy from the letter before us:

As Fanny lay panting for breath she seemed to be in a state of ecstasy; she reached forward to grasp what she beheld, exclaiming, 'I see my mother, I know I do,' and immediately expired. Her mother had been in the Spirit World several years. Since the departure of Fanny both Spirits have often visited that house and made communications by rapping and writing.

Consolations of Spiritualism.

Thomas Wright, of Victor, Clinton Co., N. Y., who was a confirmed materialist in the early part of his life, writes us that he has become a Spiritualist, and that the TELEGRAPH is a wel-

come visitor at his cottage. A few lines will suffice to indicate the influence of his new and living faith:

Spiritualism has been my great consolation for six years, and I have no doubt it will continue to be my unfailing source of comfort until my latest breath. My invisible friends visit me in the silent watches of the night; and O, how consoling their ministry! Their presence has deprived "Death of his sting," and you may well suppose that I am happy. Verily, "Eye hath not seen what God hath prepared for his people."

A Clergyman's Testimony.

The other day we found an interesting letter from Rev. C. M. PATTERSON, which appears to have been received at our office in the month of March last, while the Editor, to whom it was especially addressed, was absent in Maine. We would communicate with our good brother privately, but do not know his present whereabouts. The letter before us was written from Burtonsville, but the State is not indicated. By a neglect or oversight on the part of some one in our office, its contents were never made known to the present writer (s. b. n.) until they were accidentally revealed a few days since. We have no means of knowing whether the business items of the letter were attended to or not, and will therefore thank our well-remembered friend for any information on this point.

C. M. P. may rest assured that we have not forgotten our old associate in the ministry. On the contrary, every feature of his countenance is stamped on our memory; and it would afford us no little pleasure to renew and deepen that impression by meeting him again in the form. Our Correspondent is pleased to view our imperfect and comparatively unprofitable labors in the light which friendship shows them to him; and I trust that for the sake of his free and manly testimony to the Truth which we delight to honor, the reader will excuse our seeming egotism in publishing the subjoined extract from his letter:

You will pardon me, I hope, for trespassing upon your valuable time—valuable because occupied with a labor of momentous consequence to the human race. You have doubtless forgotten me; I once belonged to the H. R. Association of Universalists as preacher of their faith. During the period of membership, I met you occasionally, since which time, however, I have never looked upon your face; but I have heard from you frequently, and have watched with fervent gratitude to God, your fearless and apostle-like defense of the blessed truth of Spiritualism.

I became a convert to Spiritualism about two years ago, though I looked upon the theory as a plausible one for a much longer period. It is indeed a glorious truth. It is to me of priceless value, this "day-spring from on high." I have sometimes been tempted to write a little for the TELEGRAPH, but when I read the able contributions with which its pages are filled from week to week, I have refrained. I have an aged mother to whom the truth of Spiritualism is meat and drink, and through its hallowing influence she awaits the period of her departure with calmness and holy trust.

Will our friend have the kindness to send along those contributions to the TELEGRAPH which he was "tempted" to offer some time since? That is a species of temptation, brother, which it is not profitable to resist any longer.

CURIOUS SPIRIT PERFORMANCES.

THE *Spiritual Messenger* of August 9th contains a long communication from Joseph Barthet, of New Orleans, (heretofore known to our readers) in which he details the particulars of some wonderful Spirit writings and drawings recently executed by the hand of Mr. Wingard, of New Orleans. The writing, drawing, etc., were performed in the presence of Mr. Barthet and others, in almost total darkness, on paper which had been previously examined and found not to contain any marks. They consist of communications in the common Roman character, and in the English language; of an upper portion of a human skeleton accurately drawn, various astronomical, hieroglyphical, and cabalistic figures, a diagram for the formation of a spiritual circle, three verses in Greek, five lines of Latin poetry, seven lines of French poetry, two sentences in Spanish, an inscription in Hebrew—all of which, except the skeleton, are transcribed in the *Messenger*. The communications, inscriptions, etc., covered ten pages of foolscap, and were executed in the space of about one hour. In his ordinary state Mr. Wingard would have been utterly incapable of this performance even in the light; and no man, in the exercise of the merely ordinary powers of sense, perception and volition, could have accomplished this feat without confusion in his markings, in that degree of darkness which rendered even the paper almost totally invisible. Some persons who were present declared that they saw, in one or two instances, both of Mr. Wingard's hands writing at the same time. The phenomena of course purport to be wholly of a spiritual origin.

Test through Mrs. Gourlay.

On Thursday evening, 14th instant, Mrs. D. G. Taylor, of 145 West Sixteenth-street, this city, had a singular, and apparently, spiritual dream, the main particulars of which were, that she saw a table before her, spread with a clean white cloth, and furnished with bread of a very superior and delicious quality, which, on taking it into her hands, grew and greatly multiplied in quantity. Mrs. T. wrote down these and other particulars of her dream, and folding up the document, gave it to Mrs. Gourlay and requested her, by the aid of the Spirits, to reveal its contents without opening it. Mrs. G. seated herself at the dial by means of which communications are given through her, and immediately the following was spelled:

"Mother! your dream is prophetic. The table spread with a clean cloth, denotes angels, through whose instrumentality you are to be blest. A full board will be yours in coming time. Fear not. We are working for you every day."

The Spirit "Dany," (Daniel) is that of a son of Mrs. Taylor. It is proper to state that Mrs. Gourlay had not the remotest idea of the contents of Mrs. Taylor's paper; and the appropriateness of the communication certainly indicates an intelligence which knew what was written, and which could not be traced to any active agent in visible form.

Premonition of a Death.

THE *Spiritual Messenger* of August 9th, published at Cincinnati, relates the following test communication from a Spirit:

On Sunday morning last, a convincing test fact was given at the house of Mr. C. Foster, in Glendale, through Mrs. Farnsworth, as the medium. A party was seated at breakfast, about nine o'clock in morning, when loud raps were heard in the center of the table. After satisfying themselves that the sound came from a spiritual source, the company were desirous of ascertaining its import. A Mrs. F. inquired if the Spirit was that of one of her friends, and was answered in the affirmative, the communicating Spirit purporting to be her daughter. The medium's hand being influenced wrote as follows: "Go to the city immediately. Let nothing detain you—the sooner the better, as the Spirit of your brother-in-law will soon—"

Here the writing suddenly ceased. The whole name was signed, which was previously unknown to Mrs. Farnsworth. The lady to whom the message was addressed, being convinced of the genuineness of its source, made immediate preparation to come to the city. Being Sunday, no train was running on the railroad, and she was compelled to come by private conveyance, a distance of fifteen miles. On reaching the house of her brother-in-law, he had just left the earthly tenement.

Miraculous Chirography and Drawing.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Journal and Express*, published in Hamilton, Canada West, after relating some remarkable Spirit performances with a bell, by way of writing, and in the production of elaborate pictures, etc., adds the following:

A lady who was present, of high varacity, says she took the drawing paper to the medium's house, bought on purpose, of peculiar size and make—rolled it up on the table—held her hand out. A circle was formed of a few friends, all trustworthy—the room dimly lighted, yet sufficiently to see. Whilst the lady held her hand open on the paper on the table, the medium being then under a deep influence, with his face buried in his hands, the drawing paper was visibly but gently moved from the hand of the lady who held it, and placed under the table, and there worked on by a supposed Spirit. In half an hour, the sheet, before blank, was covered by a drawing of a very original and beautiful design, angelic in its ideas. The work on the paper would take an ordinary human being, accustomed to pencil or Crayon drawing, at least a day to do it, saying nothing of the design. It represents her situation in heaven. The lady, who now possesses this picture in a frame, assures us that it was not the work of any human being.

Another Pic-nic.

It will be seen by a notice on our first cover-page this week, that another Spiritualist pic-nic is on foot, which is appointed to take place at St. Ronan's Well, next Tuesday, August 26. Without finding fault with the proceedings of the last pic-nic (which were well enough of their kind) or without presuming to dictate to the Committee of Arrangements, we would suggest the propriety of some different provisions relative to the public speaking. Would it not be well for them to pre-engage the services of some speaker, or speakers, of known ability, to open the intellectual entertainment with a substantial, elaborate discourse explanatory especially to outsiders, of the nature, claims, evidences and objects of Spiritualism? This would do much to secure from skeptics who may be present, that respect for the claims and philosophy of Spiritualism which they really deserve, and to preclude that apparently just cause of ridicule which would be occasioned by the promiscuous rantings of undeveloped mediums. After this the exercises may assume a more miscellaneous character as the circumstances of the occasion may determine.

NEW CHURCH HERALD AND REPOSITORY.

THE NEW CHURCH HERALD, a weekly publication, edited by Rev. Sabin Hough, and the NEW CHURCH REPOSITORY, a Monthly, edited by Professor Bush, have been united in the form of one monthly Magazine of sixty-four octavo pages, under the title of THE NEW CHURCH HERALD AND MONTHLY REPOSITORY, to be edited jointly by Prof. Bush and Rev. Sabin Hough. It is published at 135 Chesnut-street, Philadelphia, and at 47 Bible House, New York, at \$2 per annum, in advance. The first Number of this new issue (for July) is now before us, containing several articles displaying deep thought and much philosophical acumen, which of course run principally in the Swedenborgian channel. Beside these there are several minor articles of a local and denominational character, conveying information concerning the affairs of the New Church which to its members must be indispensable.

Though not a Swedenborgian by external profession, we have read with deep interest and profit many articles which have from time to time appeared in the *N. C. Repository*, and particularly pleased and edified have we been with the genial, glowing and profound contributions of its star (*) correspondent, one of whose lucubrations enriches the pages of the issue now before us.

Professor Bush is known as one of the most learned theological writers of the age, and his chaste and perspicuous style of composition seldom fails to chain the attention of his readers, and furnish their minds with profound and profitable suggestions, if it does not always produce conviction relative to the more abstruse principles of the writer's philosophy. So far as we can judge from limited acquaintance, Brother Hough is also well qualified to instruct and profit his readers on all subjects aside from the philosophy of modern external manifestation by Spirits, on which subject we deem his views quite untenable, and contradictory of the plainest and most undeniable facts. We have no doubt that by the combined efforts of Messrs. Bush and Hough, the HERALD AND REPOSITORY will be made eminently worthy of the patronage of all admirers of the teachings of the Swedish Seer, and indeed of all admirers of deep and free philosophical and theological thought, of whatsoever denomination they may be. And in this connection we may in justice add, that of all the religious journals which come to our office, none impress us as being more liberal, more deeply philosophical, or more rationally and practically religious, than the publications devoted to the advocacy of New Church principles, however we may except to the apparent disposition of some of them, to make Swedenborg an indispensable lens through which all interior things must be looked at, rather than to encourage men to first open, so far as possible, their own interior and divinely illuminated eyes, and look at truth directly and for themselves, and afterward call in the aid of Swedenborg as a reflector, should it be needed.

DEPARTURE OF STEPHEN DUDLEY.

THE last week's issue of the *Age of Progress* brings us the intelligence that Stephen Dudley, Esq., of Buffalo, has gone to his home in the spiritual spheres. His decease took place on Monday, August 11th, at a quarter past six o'clock, P. M., and was occasioned by chronic dropsy. Mr. Dudley was extensively known abroad, as well as in his own immediate section, as a prominent and influential Spiritualist, and the cause is indebted to him in various ways, for substantial aid. Blessed with an abundance of this world's goods, and still more highly blessed with a liberal heart, one of his greatest sources of pleasure consisted in furthering the objects of benevolence by every judicious method; and whilst the cause of Spiritualism in Buffalo will greatly miss his material presence and munificence, many grateful hearts of individuals will have occasion to mourn the loss of a benefactor. His faith in spiritual realities did not desert him in the trying hour. He maintained his rational powers to the last, and was calm, cheerful, and desirous to be set free. Said he to the editor of the *Age of Progress*, at a last interview, which happened on the day of his death: "O what misery should I have been in if this had come upon me ten years ago, when this glorious spiritual Gospel was unknown to me! I can now hardly bear to think of the horrors which would have filled my soul if death had then stared me in the face as it does now! Of all creatures I should then have been most miserable. Now I feel as I would if I was just getting ready to return to my home after a long absence."

INTERVIEW WITH "OLD PUT."

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Boston Dispatch*, of August 2, gives a detailed account of some manifestations he had lately witnessed at a circle, as given by a Spirit who purported to be "Old Put," and of which the following extract gives the main particulars:

Then the Spirit was requested to beat "the reveille," a portion of which was given so as to be clearly recognized by one present who was somewhat acquainted with the music. Next "the tattoo" was beat; then "Yankee Doodle," and portions of "Wood Up," all of which were whistled by one of the company. The Spirit appeared to be much gratified with the opportunity afforded him, and he evinced his pleasure by frequent flourishes upon the representative drum.

He was then requested to give some of the "calls" with which "Old Put" was familiar in his camp life, such as "Roast Beef," "Pease upon a Trencher," "The Drummer's Call," and during the beating of them an attempt was made to whistle an accompaniment to the latter one, when, after proceeding with a few strokes, the medium threw down the drum-sticks with great force upon the table, seized the pencil, and wrote, in an extremely agitated manner, in characters at least an inch long—"No Fife!" This announcement brought the laugh on the whistler, as being incompetent to the business of accompanying the veteran drummer, even though he was guiding the sticks in the hands of a medium—a person, too, who knew nothing of music, and had not the least conception of the construction or management of the pieces he was made to beat. But an investigation into the matter afterward, proved that in the music, as laid down in Scott's Tactics, while in "The Reveille," "The Tattoo," and "To the Color," a fife part is written, yet to the several "calls" spoken of here, there is literally "no fife" part—but simply various beats of the drum are set down to be performed.

After considerable amusement had been realized from the characteristic puerilities of the old veteran, the Spirit consented to a proposition to take hold of the hand of the medium. The condition exacted by the Spirit was, that all the company, except the medium, should leave the room, taking the lights with them. This was done, and the medium was left alone, the company having withdrawn to an adjoining room. In about a minute after the company withdrew, the table was heard violently jumping about, and striking with great force upon the floor, making such a racket as to induce the listeners to fear for the safety of the furniture in the room. The medium, having entirely lost control of the table, and fearing that some damage might be done, called for the lights to be brought in. On opening the door, the table was found tipped over on its side, while the medium was fruitlessly tugging with all his might to hold it. Several other persons taking hold of it, its violent motions after a while ceased.

Death by Lightning—Singular Presentiment.

A MARRIED LADY, Mrs. Bartlett, was instantly killed by lightning, in Essex, Mass. She had a presentiment of her own death, and felt terrified at the approach of every cloud that indicated a thunder-shower. She remarked, some weeks previous to her death, that she thought she would not live long, for she felt in a hurry to finish her work for her husband and children, which she was preparing for them as though she was to leave. On the day when the sad catastrophe happened, she sent for her husband to come and be present, for she was very much depressed in view of the clouds which were approaching. While the storm was raging, herself and husband occupied the front room, and her children an adjoining bed-room, in which a window was open. Her husband sat at the window, watching the clouds and the lightning. She, like many others, supposing that there is more danger of being struck by lightning near a window, than in any other part of the house, entreated him to sit in some other place. Then leaving him to look after her children in the bed-room, she reached the place at the instant of time when the electric fluid darted down the wall and through the floor, killing her before she fell. A very short distance from that very spot she would have been saved.—*Newburyport Herald*.

The occurrence related in the above paragraph reminds us of a similar one as recorded by Jung Stilling in his "THEORY OF PNEUMATOLOGY." A gentleman was one morning earnestly entreated by his maid servant, nor to dine in the arbor in his garden on that day, as he had intended to do with a party of his friends, in celebration of his birth-day. She urged as a reason for her cautionary entreaties, that she had a strong presentiment that the arbor would that day be struck by lightning. As, however, there were at that time no indications of a thunder shower, the gentleman ordered preparations for the dinner party to be made in the arbor, and afterward seated himself, with his friends, at the table. Soon, however, they were alarmed by the screams of the maid servant who entreated them to withdraw quickly from the arbor, or they would be struck by lightning. On looking up they saw that a black thunder-cloud had suddenly arisen over their heads, and they had barely time to get into the house when the arbor was struck by lightning, as predicted. Query: What intelligence must it have been that could in these two instances have foreseen, and imparted a premonition of, a lightning stroke as occurring under precisely these circumstances, against billions of natural contingencies?

Original Communications.

AN INVOCATION.

Oh, influence sweet, from spheres above
This rude and outward life,
Descend and dwell with sons of men,
Dispelling scenes of strife.
Let darkness spread no more its wings
With passion-brooding powers,
Where love and wisdom erst should reign
In this fair world of ours.
Ye shining hosts by heaven crowned
With coronets of light,
Like cherubim with swords of fire,
Oh, vindicate the right.
Cast off the pampered, bigot slave
Who speaks for hire and pelf,
And teaches that there is no truth
Beyond his creed-bound self.
Oh, influence sweet from spheres above,
Surround the pure and good,
And ever let them feel they have
An angel brotherhood.
Let not their steps unguarded go
Adown this vale of cares,
But round them cast a shield of light—
The light of higher spheres.

ALBANY, August 10, 1856.

INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL.

BY DR. R. T. HALLOCK.

Early Morning, July 21st.—Being resolved, after one day's trial of exceptions, on a vigorous effort to put myself under the rule, or regular course of incidents common to railroad travelers; and having inquired, the last thing on going to bed, where passengers usually obtained the matutinal meal, which was at Owego, I steadily refused all offers of my kind hostess to prepare an early breakfast, as it was wholly out of her power to create the requisite appetite to do it justice at half-past four in the morning. I quietly stowed myself away in one corner of the "Express way-mail accommodation train," I think they call it; a comfortable box enough, with the exception of a decided propensity to stop where it saw a pair of bars down, or any farm-yard proprietor or his family disposed for a short ride to the next "Four Corners." Well, we got to Owego at last, and the whistle piped all hands to breakfast. That was the rule; this was the place to take the benefit of it. I looked into the breakfast room, and that delectable old dogma—"Once in grace, always in grace," was brought feelingly to my mind, by the sad reflection that I was a "probationer under the gospel" of exceptions, and couldn't "fall." There was the table—white cloth, clean dishes, and—nothing in them! It was "Blue Monday" with the cook. On consulting the "powers that know," I found it was held a sound doctrine, that no force short of the general resurrection of the just, would ever raise that cook a moment short of two good hours from the one now leisurely trotting away from the goal of half-past seven. All last night's enjoyments—rum, brandy, gin and gentlemen, sweet cake and sweet hearts, had taken possession of her noddle, and would not leave before that time at least. So, as the "blue devils" wouldn't turn out, we did, and took once more our respective seats, with some pounds less pressure on the car-springs than (under the rule) was reasonably to have been expected. The general impression of that Owego eating-house, where they advertised "refreshments for travelers" was not complimentary. Alas! trying to leave the exceptions, I lost my breakfast, and sensibly increased, at the same time, my appetite for observing the blind side of that great donkey, the *genus homo*, that goes upon two legs, and laughs, and has law-suits.

Half a car load of fat farmers, bent on that amusement, entered the sacred precincts of our hungry department from the next village; some as clients and others as witnesses. It seems a dispute was pending between two of them, and was, at that present speaking, "rolling its slow length along" the Court of Oyer and Terminer and general pig delivery for the county, as to the ownership of a quadruped of that illustrious tribe, memorable in sacred history as being for the nome, a "medium" for the Devil! Opinion was divided as to the verdict, and testimony varied on the part of the witnesses. Five, on the direct examination, had sworn point blank, that the tail of the pig aforesaid twisted with the sun; six that it twisted against it; eight that they didn't know anything about it, and four, that it didn't twist at all, but stuck straight up at it! Two old gentlemen who found it necessary to occupy three seats, and were going up, in the capacity of "lookers on in Venice," agreed perfectly that the case rested on the testimony of an old woman who had relieved her mind of a solemn oath on the pig's behalf the day before, but quarreled for ten miles about what she "swore." One of them courted instant martyrdom in defense of the assertion, that the old woman had placed certain blue bristles upon that portion of the pig's body nearest the ground, which he held to be a libel on every decent hog in the county, and a slander direct to the pig's illustrious maternal relative, who, by permission of nature had placed them in the zenith, where they stood in bristling array to confront with everlasting confusion the wiles of the plaintiff who had placed that aged matron in the witness-box, with a view simply to softening the court and jury with a sight of female loveliness, or at least to mollify their minds with a lively suggestion of their respected grandmothers.

Per contra denied all this, and stoutly defended the position that the

old lady did not locate the blue spots at all, but placed them about "promiscuously"—just as our Second Advent friend used to come into the New York Conference of Spiritualists, at Stuyvesant Institute. They all got out at "Painted Post," and what became of them or the illustrious pig suit, I cannot say. Consider this, ye country moralists, when ye harp upon the vulgar brawls and drunken fights of our "Gotham." A company of respectable farmers and church members, leaving their homes in harvest time, to take part in a legal quarrel about the ownership of a hog! This was not a drunken brawl as ours are; the parties were not ragged loafers; they were men of property and repute. Four tipsy cronies in a drinking saloon, playing "old sledge," seems natural enough, but to see four sober deacons doing the same thing, would put a keener edge upon the moral. You understand me, I take it.

Let me pause here, just long enough to disperse a pleasing delusion which rests like a thistle blossom with a bumble-bee in it, on the numerous bosom of our man and womanhood who stay at home—the idea that they can see anything of any place they might set out to inspect, by simply going there—I mean going in a respectable way. I grant, one might get sight of any mortal village, say from a donkey-cart, or even a lumber-wagon that didn't "jounce" too bad; but from a railroad car the thing is quite impossible. There are McDonaldvilles, Factoryvilles, Mayvilles, etc., without number, but to the wight who leaves home under the hallucination that he is going to see anything of their uses or beauties, they might more appropriately be called *Carvilles*, for these are all he sees of them. Two long lines of freight cars waiting for a job, greet his astonished vision where he had anticipated beautiful residences and busy streets. This motionless, but of course necessary nuisance, suggests the idea of barn-yards sandwiched in between corn-cribs. You become dizzy with the apparent whirl of "slats" destined to hold beeves instead of corn however, and begin to think you are threading the grand avenue of the "upper ten," where every house is a copy of its neighbor, and all the names on the doors are No. 3900 and—you can't exactly make out what.

I remember a dear old lady, who became so bewildered and confounded by this interminable manifestation of a street on wheels, (which she verily thought was running away from her,) aided by the infernal clang of two opposing dinner-gongs, that she "switched herself off" the wrong way, and tore into one of those sleeping vehicles without a door which, in the early days of railroad locomotion, had apparently been fitted up for the accommodation of an aspiring clown and the intelligent pony of a traveling circus. The thing looked like a dog kennel in disgrace; but there loomed the old lady above the dilapidated horse-hair, in the firm and blissful faith that she was seated in the best private parlor of the opposition eating-house, where the bell-wire is always broke and the waiter never comes.

Having breakfasted nowhere, the locomotive was good enough to let us essay a dinner at Hornellsville. "The real, genuine, old, original Hornell," I did not see; but his "ville" was precisely as I have described all the rest, only, perhaps, a little more so. Here again, blessed be the code of exceptions! it is the common rule, I believe, for conductors to travel with the trains. Taking my seat at table by the side of ours, I was proceeding with dinner, in happy disregard of bell, whistle and howl, which, in my "carnal security" I ascribed to a laudable desire of the engineer to regale us while eating with the best substitute for Dodworth's Band the village could afford. But, when the train manifested a decide disposition to waltz to its music, I made bold to ask the conductor if there was a remote possibility that it would go off without him? To which he replied—I am not going, sir; and if you are, I would suggest a postponement of the accustomed "grace after meat" to a more convenient opportunity. There was no help for it, but to run—to "render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's." I must say my legs did their duty nobly on that interesting occasion.

Beloved fellow-mortal! If thou hast committed any one, or even all of the "seven deadly sins," and desirest to make suitable expiation therefor, let me tell thee how: Keep as cool as possible till the dog days; then take the first car in a "way accommodation." Every little village you come to is kindly disposed to exchange inhabitants with the next little village farther on; and the only way to do it, is through your car. This gives a pleasing variety to the otherwise monotonous misery of dust and smoke. It invariably breaks up your snooze and knocks off your hat. You recover it just in time to find a communicative old fellow snugly stowed away in the heretofore unoccupied half of your seat. You drop him at the next "stop," and ship another with a propensity to cough. Then one comes in gloriously drunk—rolls in I mean, and you get the tie-doloureux in the horrible fascination of seeing him try to sit still and look sober. One of our shipments warmed into a perfect glow of descriptive eloquence as to how he had conquered a conductor who undertook to feed him and his co-laborers on "Rusty Pork!" He fought the whole battle over for the edification of society, while the conductor was asleep. It seems he had subdued that obdurate official, wholly by the military force of oaths; and, single handed, had actually sworn all the rust off his pork! Taking it into his head to show us how, and being very careful to repeat all the oaths at the top of his voice, gave us a dozen miles or so of a perfect "white squall," or rather, perhaps, I should say, of a "blue streak." We exchanged him at length for an urchin of comical make-up, who was learned on the subject of "Dogs." Very learned, I may say, very loud and most decidedly dependent was that young philosopher in very old clothes. Diogenes in his tub was nothing to him. His clothes, especially his boots, seemed to have devoted a long life to the rather unnecessary labor of growing too big for him, and had succeeded to the length and breadth of their most sanguine expectations. His body was tucked away in the corner of an old coat, but his soul was absorbed in

dogs. The world was made to rear dogs in, and time was invented solely by way of opportunity for him to sing their praises. It was absolutely genial though, after our sojourn in the wilderness of hard swearing, thus to enter the land of promise, flowing with—love for dogs.

A canal without water in it during the season of navigation, naturally excites questions in the contemplative mind; and by a wise provision of Providence, the first car of an "accommodation," always contains a local encyclopedia ready open to answer them. Casting upon the one in our car an inquiring eye, he replied: "Yes, great canal—beautiful prospect—magnificent feeder—resident engineer rather low-spirited—mouth of feeder only four feet lower than bottom of canal—water perverse—wouldn't run up his inclined plane—bright prospect ahead, though—waiting for general judgment—world to go, anywhere—from force of habit quite as likely to go by water as by fire—take the chances—if by water fill the canal from surplus—dam it at both ends—throw the 'feeder' on the turn, and commence navigation under favorable auspices."

The proposed terminus of my railroad travel for that day, was "Little Valley," where the cars stopped to leave the mail and such passengers as were bound for Jamestown, in Chautauque county, by stage route, some thirty miles distant. Said I to the conductor, as we approached the happy valley, "Does the stage to Jamestown connect with the train here?" "Apparently (vide Mr. Burton as Mrs. Partington), apparently it does. We have the mail for that place, and there must be a contrivance of some sort to carry it, of course." Still I had my misgivings—I was running on the exceptions. So when the cars stopped I seized my luggage, and "with a heart for any fate," stepped upon a "platform" (not the Cincinnati) but a wooden convenience for travelers anxious to enter the "station." Accosting a brother without a coat, which I took to be an unerring indication that he lived there and knew "beans" when he saw them, I asked if Uncle Sam's mail vehicle would shortly make its appearance? "At 2 o'clock to-morrow afternoon, sir." That "leathern convenience," had departed with no load and a light heart, thirty minutes before the arrival of the mail it was its wont to carry. Three other travelers thither bound, suggested a private wagon. I said, "Gentlemen, I can not 'Wait for the Wagon'; I must continue my ride in the cars. I am a probationer under the great law of exceptions, and must fulfill my mission, which, I trust, will end at Dunkirk. Adieu."

Taking the old seat again, the train straightway entered upon a descending grade, and I into a brown study, as to the controlling reason then holding high court in the cranium of the unknown mail carrier. The Postmaster at Jamestown is of necessity an administration man, and "sound on the nigger question" of course. Let this latter point be distinctly noted, or the theory I am about to propound will not be worth the ink—sound on the nigger question—and his "aid," he of the whip, a "strict constructionist." His business was to carry the mail, not to bring it, there being no such word in the Constitution; and as the Cincinnati platform (being the plank road upon which he traveled) holds that government has no right to empower a man to fetch what the Constitution says he must carry, there was no alternative when he came to do so, and didn't find it ready packed in his "boot," but to return forthwith and report to the "office" that he *hadn't got it*, which, as a good Democrat, he accordingly did; and after repeating Millard Fillmore's "Shorter Catechism" (Do you believe in catching Niggers?)—revised by Frank Pierce, so as to "save the Union" and at the same time keep Postmasters from spoiling—he doubtless went to bed with the conscience of a man who had done his country some service.

To weave the web of this beautiful theory—to make it invulnerable at all points—to make it big enough and strong enough to cover all objections and hold them down forever, required all the way to Dunkirk, where, for the present, we will stop to "refresh."

Dear reader, I did suppose I should have been able to tell thee all and a little more by this time; but I am not. As other folks may be wanting to use the TELEGRAPH as well as myself, and it would not look well in me to prohibit them, I will "hold up" till next week. Then if thou art not weary of me, I will proceed. I have some facts to relate which will be good for thee to know, and which the TELEGRAPH is more in the habit of communicating than it is the trifles I have now spread before thee, though I can not promise an entire exclusion of these trifles from the future. Do they not "make the sum of human things?" Thou and I art human. The only sorry spot in the Union that I ever read of, is the *sound old Orthodox Hell*; and though we have many intelligent travelers in these days, not any of them, as I yet learn, have been able to find it. The wise man says, "There is a time to laugh," and as it is not generally a very long one in this world of sober faces, let thou and I improve it as well as we can.

THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH—ITS RISE AND FALL.—When a church is first raised up and established by the Lord, it exists in the beginning in a state of purity, and the members then love each other as brethren; as is known from what is recorded of the primitive Christian Church after the Lord's coming. All the members of the Church at that time lived one amongst another as brethren, and also called each other brethren, and mutually loved each other; but in process of time charity diminished, and at length vanished away; and as charity vanished, evils succeeded, and with evils falses also insinuated themselves, whence arose schisms and heresies. These would never have existed if charity had continued to live and rule; for in such case they would not have called schism by the name of schism, nor heresy by the name of heresy, but they would have called them doctrinals agreeable to each person's particular opinion, or way of thinking, which they would have left to every one's conscience, not judging or condemning any for their opinions, provided they maintained nothing contrary to the Divine order, that is, contrary to the commandments of the Decalogue.—*Svensdenborg.*

MY VISIT IN BUFFALO.

FRIEND BRITTAN:

Dear Sir—It affords me great pleasure to be able to inform you that I have had a favorable opportunity of investigating the mediumship of the Davenport boys, and Miss Brooks of Buffalo. While the Davenport boys were in New York last winter, other engagements rendered it impracticable for me to visit their circles, which at the time I much regretted, and more especially as I was apprehensive that injustice was done them at that time—not intentionally, but in consequence of circumstances which were beyond the control of all parties.

My visit to the Davenport circle was on Sunday evening, July 13th, and every opportunity was granted me to satisfy myself of any fraud or collusion, that I could desire.

I was handed two cords, and requested to tie the boys in any manner I deemed most effectual against imposition. I first tied their hands behind them, with the centers of the cords, and then to the back of the chair, passed the two ends back and under the seat of the chair, and with each end of the cord strongly lashed each ankle to the front post of the chair, and tied it in various knots. It will be seen by this position that there was no opportunity of bending forward, or of reaching the ends of the cords. The boys being thus most effectually secured, the room was darkened. John King, who purports to be the conducting Spirit, then inquired of me if I was satisfied of the manner in which I had tied the boys. I replied that I was.

After many witticisms had passed between him and various members of the circle, the demonstrations commenced. A guitar, banjo and tambourine were carried with great rapidity about the room, striking first the ceiling overhead, and then the floor, almost simultaneously, and each being played upon at the same time with great violence, and as it appeared to me far more than the instruments could have endured from mundane hands. A bell was thrown on the floor by my feet, and I was requested to pick it up. In doing so, before I raised it six inches from the floor, the horn was put upon it with a quickness and accuracy which very much astonished me.

The lights were called for; I then examined the boys and they were yet tied as I have described. After airing the room for a few moments, it was again darkened, and a repetition of nearly the same was given us, but still more violently. I then requested the Spirit to untie the ropes, and in one-tenth part of the time in which it would have been possible for me to have untied them, they were removed and tied into a knot, one thrown at me and the other at a lady who sat near me.

The Spirit then requested all to leave the room excepting the boys and myself, as he wished to give me a test. The request was complied with. I then examined everything in the room to satisfy myself that there was no other person present, or any chance for collusion. I then seated the boys, one upon my right and the other upon my left, leaning toward me. I put my feet upon theirs, and my hands upon their heads, and requested them to take hold of my arms with both of their hands. It will be seen by this position that I had full control of their hands, hands and feet. The guitar was then played upon so that it was heard by the circle which had retired; the horn was carried about and struck one of the boys upon the head quite violently, and was then placed under my chin. The circle was then called in. I reported the result, and the Spirit inquired: "Doctor, were you ever accused of lying?" I believe not, by any gentleman. "Well, do not tell of this; if you do you will be."

The room was again darkened, and all the demonstrations were repeated in a still more violent manner. I and many others in the circle were repeatedly struck by a hand, and the hand was taken hold of by me and others, while the boys were tied.

In these demonstrations I am satisfied beyond the shadow of a doubt that there was no deception, and that they could not have been made by any other means than that which is claimed. Whatever deception they may have hitherto practiced, if any, they have my fullest confidence in this case that they are not obnoxious to the charge of any unfairness. I make this statement in justice to them, and as an additional testimony to the public of the reality of the physical demonstrations; and, as I have no prejudices either *pro* or *con*, to gratify, I trust it will have its due weight.

On Wednesday, July 23d, I attended the musical circle of Miss Brooks. The music was upon the piano which was turned face to the wall, and sat close against it, and the finger-board placed in such a position as to prevent the medium from reaching the keys. The first demonstration was what appeared to me to be an inimitable trembling of the wires. Then followed a storm at sea, wherein every part was most beautifully imitated. The working of the engine, the whistling of the wind, the pelting of the storm against the vessel, the distant and nearer thunder, and the moan of the sea, were so beautifully and accurately illustrated as to excite the sentiments of the sublime and majestic to their greatest intensity. It was most truly marvelously executed. Then followed a variety of other pieces, all of which were executed with greater artistic skill than I had ever had the pleasure of listening to upon any instrument. While the various parts were being played upon the piano, a clock, which stood directly over it, commenced striking, and without a moment's intermission struck two hundred and sixty-eight times, and was wound up three times while striking.

It will be seen, that to play the various parts upon the piano, and to wind the clock while striking (which I think no one could do) would require more than one person, and Miss Brooks was the only person in the room whose hands were at liberty, as all other persons present had joined hands in the back part of the room. If she could execute such music, it is my opinion that she would as far excel the highest musical genius of earth, as day-light is superior to darkness. Her highest folly would be in not taking the credit to herself.

But there is one other demonstration, which in point of evidence of Spirit power—of the guardianship of angels and of the intimacy and fraternal feelings of the heavens with the earth—is to me a more incontestable evidence than aught else I have witnessed. A girl of fragile form, of but feeble hold of life, and taken from school at the age of ten years, was at the early age of sixteen, developed upon the philosophical plain to an extent which would not only do honor to any woman, but to the most philosophical man of mature years. Such a demonstration we find in Miss Cora L. V. Scott, of Buffalo. As a medium, as a philosophical, eloquent and attractive speaker, I believe she has no equal on earth, especially when we take into consideration her youth and limited advantages. Accomplished in music and all the departments of social life; thoroughly educated, not by schools, but by Spirits; most highly gifted and disciplined in oratory; gentle and affable to almost the highest perfection, combined with depth and philosophy of reasoning, and that too at so early an age, renders her one of the most remarkable personages of the nineteenth century. If her life is spared, and her mediatorial powers continue, the world will hear from her in a manner in which it seldom hears from woman.

If Spirits can thus control the affairs and destinies of individuals, develop and unfold them to their own use and purpose, what have we not to expect from this mediatorial age? Where is to be the end of that power which is yet but in its embryo state? The imagination is too feeble to picture the future, and we fall back upon the realities of the present.

Since I commenced this article, I have been waited upon to know if I would lecture to the people of this place (Warsaw) on Sunday evening. I gave an affirmative answer, and efforts were made to procure a church or the court-house, but to no effect. The reply was that it was a dangerous doctrine to promulgate. I am told that they have had but little or nothing of Spiritualism in this place, but that they have heard much and may desire to hear more.

If arrangements can be made I may lecture to them some evening during the week, as there are those who manifest a good deal of interest that I should do so. I shall return to New York in about two weeks, when I hope to see you. With feelings of the warmest regard, I have the honor to be, most fraternally and respectfully yours,

WARSAW, N. Y., July 27, 1856.

B. F. HATCH, M. D.

SINGULAR PREMONITIONS.

DE RUYTER, August 2, 1856.

MESSRS. PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN:

Esteemed Friends—As the subject of the Spirit-life, its eternal duration and individual identity lies at the very entrance-way, and is inseparably connected with, all true enjoyment here and hereafter; and as the public mind at this period of time (whether doubting or believing) are anxiously seeking for new phases, or more tangible evidence of those which are now before them, I thought I would, rather from a sense of duty due to so great and good a cause, than the desire of placing myself conspicuously before the public—give a synopsis or partial sketch of my own experience, and which I think I have as perfect a right to do as even a Paul, or a John, or any of their compeers.

Being now over fifty-five years of age, it is more than twenty years since I discovered that particular events of importance, such as deaths, marriages, changes in governmental action, etc., were forcibly and seemingly indelibly impressed upon my mind, and sometimes with a brief assertion of the fact, as if some one had spoken it audibly to the outward ear. Most frequently the events are realized within a day or two following the impression. In some instances, however, the impression came years before the events transpired. These truthful premonitions have only become tangibly evident to others, so far as I have proclaimed them in public, or have kept a record of them previous to their occurring, which I have done in a number of instances. But perhaps these phases of spiritual impression are not wholly new. *

But what I would more particularly speak of is, that I have a double sense of hearing, or rather I have what may be termed a *spiritual* hearing, which has been with me for a number of years, and which increases as time advances. It is quite indistinct and low, so that it is necessary for me to be somewhat retired from the din and stir of business, etc., in order to better test the different phases, which are given from five minutes to some hours in advance of the time that they are conveyed to the outward sense, and which are nearly or quite as numerous and as operative as those which are received through the medium of the outward ear, and which I will endeavor to explain.

Frequently when I am lying in bed, preceding the day I am to be in company with dear friends or congenial Spirits, I will hear melody or music indescribably pleasing and harmonious, and which varies in fullness according to the intensity of interest drawn out, or enjoyment experienced, on the occasion, and *vice versa*. When anything disastrous or inharmonious is to occur, it will be characterized by an entirely different and discordant sensation. The crying of a child, the ringing of a bell, the barking of a dog, a fierce wind or tempest, and heavy pounding—as with a hammer, sledge or mallet—are a few among the many things that are preintimated by this phase of the manifestation, which my family wish me sometimes to speak of, and which I have done from a half minute to a half hour and over, in advance of their reaching the material organ.

Sometimes I have an evidence of numerous voices varying in tone, as if they were engaged in some heated discussion of an interesting character. This is premonitory of a like occurrence soon to succeed outwardly. I might have been more definite in some of the foregoing statements but for fear of being tedious. I will now draw to a close, and perhaps the space I might occupy will be more profitably filled.

Yours, etc.,

NEH. MERRITT.

Interesting Miscellany.

IMMORTALITY.

A SONNET BY T. T. WATTS.

Are thoughts of immortality that rise,
But fuel for the funeral pyre,
Whose holiest incense high, and higher,
Ascends, yet reaches not to Paradise?
Would nature fill the heart of man with lies,
To cheat his senses with a vain desire
And *ignis fatuus*, deemed a cheerful fire,
That still he follows till he faints and dies?
Not so! The tiny flower of little worth
Is yet more perfect in its life than man,
It dies and fades away where it had birth.
The soul has kindred in the angel van
And blooms in Paradise from seeds of Earth.
Love, deepest love, pervades God's lightest plan.

From the New Church Herald.

CENTRAL AFRICA.

RELIABLE reports are continually coming from that great, unknown, mysterious country, the center of Africa, which seem like fables turned into facts, or the most extravagant dreams into realities. The readers of our doctrines all know what Swedenborg has stated in regard to the people of that country, and yet the New Church has patiently waited for nearly a hundred years, for some external and manifest confirmation of the truth of those statements. In the meantime, unbelievers have laughed at our credulity, and have supposed us ready to believe anything whatever, on the authority of Swedenborg. In reply, we may at least say, that so far, he has never deceived or misled us. One after another of his statements, which at first appeared strange, absurd and incredible, have been confirmed, and are now received and admitted as true. In his last great work, the *True Christian Religion*, No. 840, he is giving, in a memorable relation, some account of the Africans in the spiritual world, and in the closing paragraph makes the following statement in regard to the condition of the Africans in the natural world. He says:

"There is at this day a revelation made to them, which, having commenced, goes from its region around, but not yet to the seas. They despise foreigners coming from Europe, who believe that man is saved by faith alone, and thus by only thinking and speaking, and not at the same time by willing and doing; saying that there is no man that has any worship who does not live according to his religion; and if not, he can not but become stupid and wicked, because then he does not receive anything from heaven. They also call ingenious wickedness, stupidity, because there is not any life in it, but death. I have spoken several times with Augustine, who, in the third age, had been bishop at Hippo in Africa. He said that he is there at this day, and inspires into them the worship of the Lord, and that there is hope of the propagation of his new Gospel into the neighboring regions there. I heard the joy of the angels at that revelation, because by it there is opened to them a communication with the rational human, hitherto closed up by the universal dogma, that the understanding is to be under obedience to ecclesiastical faith."

Even the present generation of men may yet obtain the most abundant evidence, that the revelations of heavenly truth, made about the time of the last judgment, to the people dwelling in the interior of Africa, have had the effect to build up and establish, in what has generally been regarded the most hopeless, desolate and benighted portion of the world, an important part of the Lord's kingdom upon earth. Travelers and missionaries, going out to explore the interior of Africa, are constantly sending back the most startling, and yet to the receivers of the heavenly doctrines, most gratifying reports. Some of these reports we have occasionally published. The general purport of them is doubtless known to all our readers.

Some months ago we copied from the *New York Tribune*, some account of Dr. H. Barth, the African Explorer. This distinguished traveler returned about six months ago, after an absence of five years spent in the interior of Africa, and long after his friends had ceased even to hope for his return. He left Europe Dec. 8th, 1848, and after many hardships and dangers, arrived at the city of Timbuctoo, Sept. 7th, 1853, where he remained nearly a year. He reports the discovery of two large Empires, of which not even the names were previously known. A history of his discoveries will soon be published, and is looked for with much interest. In the mean time certain missionaries, especially Rev. Messrs. Clark and Bowen, sent to Central Africa by the Southern Baptist Convention, are sending back to this country very interesting and important reports, which are considered fully reliable. The former of these gentlemen, Mr. Clark, in a letter to the *Christian Index*, referring to certain kingdoms in Central Africa through which the mighty and majestic Niger flows, says:

"These are populous kingdoms, boasting of towns and cities containing tens and hundreds of thousands of inhabitants. And almost every new research increases the number to our surprise. The difficulty of obtaining correct information accounts for this fact. But recently a populous country to the east called Ejesha or Elesha, containing large cities, is beginning to attract some attention. With regard to this point, I am constrained to believe we are yet only in the gray dawn of day. Every traveler will bring fresh and important facts to light."

Referring to a certain city called Ijaye, he says:

"The population must at least be 50,000, and the country for miles is in a state of wonderful cultivation. The diameter of this circuit

may be estimated with safety at fifteen or twenty miles, bringing, as is the fact of the case, thousands of acres under cultivation. There is no man in America, if dropped down at night into one of these extending farms, but waking in the morning, would be filled with profound astonishment. I was unprepared to witness any such scenes in Africa. It may be asked why? what do they cultivate? Corn, cotton, yams, potatoes, guinea corn, peas, etc. And without enumerating farther, go into their markets, and there you will find a most unending variety of articles. From one view, I have perhaps seen thousands of acres in a state of cultivation that would make your heart leap for joy."

In regard to matters connected with manufactures and arts, Mr. Clark writes, that:

"Weavers, tailors, barbers, blacksmiths, shoe and saddle makers, beside some ingenious specimens of art, are all to be found here." * *

"I can not tell you a tenth of their ingenuity. The most superior saddle-stirrup I ever met with is to be found here. I mention these facts to give you some idea of their ingenuity and mental capacity."

The other missionary, Mr. Bowen, thus corrects a very general mistake.

"People look on the Africans as 'naked negroes,' 'barbarians,' the most degraded of mankind, 'physically deformed,' etc. But the truth is that only a small portion of Africans are of this character. The true typical negro is mostly confined to the coast and the valleys of the larger rivers. The Central African is gracefully clothed from head to foot in turban, trowsers, and often sandals. He knows more of the world as it is, and of its past history, than you could well believe; his hands and feet are often as small as any, and elegantly formed as those of any white man; his nose is not 'confounded with his projecting cheeks,' but prominent and straight; his lips are thin, his chin is full, his facial angle good; and if you enter into conversation with him, you will soon find that God has endowed him with intellect of no mean order. All this could hardly be believed by some if I should aver it, but the people are here and may be seen by any one who will come where they are."

The above extracts comprise but a small portion of these very interesting letters.

FACTS ABOUT OUR COUNTRY.—The territorial limits of the United States include somewhat more than one-third of the area of the continent of North America. The superficial area of the Union amounts to two millions nine hundred and thirty-six thousand one hundred and sixty-six square miles (2,936,166.) At the close of the Revolutionary war, in 1783, the limits of the United States did not exceed 820,680 square miles. Louisiana, purchased in 1803, had an extent of 899,579 square miles, or more territory than was included in the original States. By the addition of Florida, Texas, and New Mexico, more territory was secured than the whole original extent of the United States, so that since the peace of 1783, the country has increased in size more than three fold. The American Republic has a territorial extent nearly ten times as large as that of Great Britain and France combined. It is one-sixth less only than the area covered by the fifty-nine empires, states and republics of Europe. Over two-fifths of the national territory is drained by the Mississippi River and its tributaries. The frontier line of the United States on the British possessions is 3803 miles. This is about the distance between Liverpool and Albany. Massachusetts constitutes one three hundred and eightieth part of the national area. The Territories are larger in extent than the States of the Union, the difference in favor of the former being 7946 square miles. The ten largest States have an area that exceeds by 250,000 square miles, the extent of the other twenty one States. Seventy per cent. of the whole territory of the Union is west of the Mississippi River! The slaveholding States have 851,508 square miles and the non-slaveholding States, 612,597 square miles. Eight of the largest States have an area as large as the remaining twenty-three States. The New England States have about one-fortieth of the territory included in the Union.—*Boston Transcript*.

PHOTOGRAPHING UNDER WATER.—Mr. W. Thompson, of Weymouth, England, has succeeded in taking a photograph of the bottom of the sea in Weymouth Bay, at a depth of three fathoms. It appears that the camera was placed in a box, with a plate glass front, and a movable shutter to be drawn up when the camera was sunk to the bottom. The camera, being focussed in this box for objects in the foreground at about ten yards or other suitable distance, was let down from the boat to the bottom of the sea, carrying with it the collodion-plate, prepared in the ordinary way. When at the bottom the shutter of the box was raised, and the plate was thus exposed for about ten minutes. The box was then drawn into the boat, and the image developed in the usual manner. A view was thus taken of the rocks and weeds lying at the bottom of the bay. Mr. Thompson anticipates that it will be a ready and inexpensive means of arriving at a knowledge of piers, bridges, piles, structures and rocks under the water.

ON THE CULTIVATION OF FLOWERS IN WINDOWS.—There are fewer tests of a happy home within than the flower-decorated window, and neatly kept garden; and there is no occupation for the leisure hour more calculated to keep it so, or to soothe the mind. It yields pleasure without surfeit; the more we advance the more eager we become. And how unlike this is to most of our worldly engagements! To those blessed with children, how delightful it is to bend their young minds to a pursuit so full of utility and intellectual instruction, combined with the advantages usually accompanying industry; and in children, carefulness and thought about their plants will lead to the same feelings respecting other matters.

AN AMERICAN BEGGAR IN LUCK.

A QUEER story about an English nobleman is told in Parisian circles. It seems that milord, who, of course belongs to one of the noblest families in Great Britain, has rendered himself remarkable in all the countries he has visited during the last fifteen years, by his eccentricities and fabulous prodigality. Amongst the many stories told of this nobleman, the following is one: It appears that milord was for many years subject to the most horrible fits of spleen, or what are sometimes called the "blue devils," and during a sojourn of some months at New York, loved to wander, at midnight, through the alleys and byways, the purlieus, and the "Points" of that thrifty village. One night that he had given himself up to a vagabond excursion of the kind, eagerly looking out for some generous foot-pad who might knock him on the head and put an end to his troubles, a young woman, carrying an infant in her arms, came up to him and begged a penny. The Englishman, without stopping or even looking at his interlocutor, threw her several pieces of gold. (Noble hearted misanthrope! How scarce is your species!) He had, however, scarcely walked a dozen paces from the spot, when the woman seized him by the arm.

Little accustomed to receive so large a donation, she had ran after milord, to tell him he must have made a mistake. (Honest creature! How many of your class, in your situation, would have scuttled up the first dark alley!) Our hero paused and meditated for a moment, then casting his eyes upon the woman, discovered to his surprise and delight, that she was young and lovely. "Are you a native of this country?" he demanded. "Yes, sir," she replied. (Don't believe it; there never was a native American who would stoop to beg in the streets.)

"You are, no doubt, married?" interrogated the Englishman.

"No, sir," said the beggar, wiping a tear from her left eye; "I am a widow. My husband was killed in the Texan war. This is his child." (I beg the reader will take no notice of the slight discrepancy in these statements.)

The Englishman was silent for a moment, and then regarded closely the features of the woman. The brilliant light of a one-wick lamp shone refulgently upon her countenance, and proved to the misanthrope that she possessed beauty of the rarest kind, only requiring some trifling aid from soap and water to render her quite stunning. Such appeared to be our hero's impression; for he said, "According to your story, this child has no father. Very well, he shall be my son. I determined to commit suicide to night, and was seeking a means of killing myself. I have determined to marry you."

Two months after, (it might have been nine weeks,) the beautiful Duchess of Dash attracted the admiring gaze of a brilliant company, assembled at a ball given by the Emperor of Russia. Everybody was struck with the elegance, the luxury, and the taste of her *mise*. (Particulars in the next *Revue des deux Mondes*.) The Duchess of Dash was no other than the New York beggar.

RAILROADS IN INDIA.—After all the talk of the unprofitable character of Indian railroads, these civilizers seem to be now in course of construction in that country on a truly gigantic scale. Several are enumerated in furtherance, of which the East India Company have loaned their credit. 1. The East India Railway, to Delhi, nine hundred miles; five hundred and ninety miles under contract, one hundred miles or more now open, and the whole to be completed during the year 1856! The East India Company guarantee five per cent. interest on their bonds to the extent of £4 000,000. 2. The Great Indian Peninsula Railway, from Bombay, forty-seven miles opened for travel last year. Five per cent. guaranteed on £1 000,000 by the East India Company. 3. The Madras Railway—interest guaranteed on £1 000,000. 4. The Scinde Railway, one hundred and ten miles, to the Indus. 5. Central India Railway, to Ahmedabad, one hundred and sixty-three miles. Five per cent. interest guaranteed.

SURNAMES IN ENGLAND.—The Registrar-General estimates that there are nearly forty thousand different surnames in England. It is estimated that among these there are fifty-three thousand families bearing the name of Smith, fifty-one thousand bearing the name of Jones. The Smiths and Jones alone are supposed to include about half a million of the population. "In an average, it seems that one person in 73 is a Smith, one in 76 a Jones, one in 115 a Williams, one in 148 a Taylor, one in 162 a Davis, and one in 174 a Brown." Among the list of peculiar names given, we note the following: Affection, Alabaster, Allbonos, Awkward, Baby, Bolster, Bowel, Brains, By (the shortest English name,) Camomile, Corpse, Dagger, Eighteen, Fowls, Fussy, Gin, Hogsflesh, Idle, Jelly, Kiss, Lumber, Muddle, Nutbrown, Officer, Pocket, Quines, Rabbit, Sanctuary, Tombs, Unit, Vulgar, Waddle, Yellow, and Zeal.—*Portland Transcript*.

A SINGULAR COINCIDENCE.—We visited a few days since a spot somewhat memorable as having been in the scene of a duel. The position of the duellists, about eight paces, was marked by two trees, one of which bears the initials of one of the party's entire name cut into the bark; the other bears only the initial of the last name of the other party. The tree under which the party stood who was killed, is dead, having, as we are credibly informed, gradually decayed from the time. The other tree is singularly typical of the condition of the surviving party, who is now an inmate of a lunatic asylum, standing, as it does, with the lower branches full of life and verdure, while its top is dead and leafless. Strange thoughts crowded our mind as we stood and gazed upon these unfortunate witnesses to an unfortunate deed.—*Georgetown Journal*.

An angel, incapable of feeling anger, must envy the man who can feel and yet conquer it.

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